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Winter ghost



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Chapter 1 by Lauren Cooksley

I honestly had no idea what my Christmas was going to be like. Then again, nobody knows what the future holds anyway. I was alone walking in the woods when I first saw her. December the 24th. It was snowing and I was wearing the stupidest looking coat to keep me warm. My feet were ploughing through the piles of snow when they hit a rock. I stumbled and fell onto to floor hitting my head on another nearby rock.

When I finally woke up, everything was a blur. I slowly sat up feeling ten times lighter. I was numb and my body was freezing, I touched my head where it hit the rock and saw blood on my fingers. It was odd that it didn't hurt. I had only blinked before she was standing right in front of me. She instantly leaned in to wipe the blood off my forehead. "You had quite a fall there," she said whilst helping me up. I took one look at her and was blown away. Long brown hair, pale skin, rosy lips and freckles - if winter was to be personified, she was what it would look like. She was wearing jeans, boots and a baggy white t-shirt. No coat. Her clothing looked almost as though it had been stolen off an older brother, but she seemed to make it suit her and it looked good. She almost blended into the background.

"Thank you," I gulped and she laughed.

"It's perfectly fine. I wasn't in a hurry," she said. The boreal wind seemed to blow at the same time. It spread through my body and sent a shiver down my spine. That made me notice again, her lack of winter clothing. She looked at me and she looked down with a hurt expression on her face. She laughed again but I could tell it was forced. "Come on lets get you out of here," and she dragged me out of the woods.

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On the way out, all I kept asking myself was, 'how is she not cold?', 'why did she avoid answering my question?', 'who is she?'. But all these questions were overpowered by my desire to kiss her.

Chapter 2 by Emma Scheffler



When we got back to her house she went to a cabinet and got some paper towels and gave them to me "What are these for?" I said. "Your head Silly." She said. Then she asked me if I wanted any hot chocolate but I shyly said no still embarrassed from a little while ago. She went in the kitchen and made some for herself. I still could not get over the fact that she wasn't cold in the woods with me. Then my eyes got very heavy and I slowly began to fall asleep. I woke up to a sudden rush of cool air. I was back outside. I stood up and where the girls house was there was nothing. So I turned around thinking it was a dream and walked and found my house. I was so puzzled.

Chapter 3 by Hanna Tolander



I admired the Christmas decorations (I always thought our house had the prettiest setup) for half a minute before stepping into the hall.

I could hear my family celebrating. The Christmas sounds are so special, it's like even voice's a different and nicer to listen to around Christmas.

"Guys", I said, entering the living room, "you wouldn't believe what just happened to me. I hit my head and ..."

No one even looked up. It was as if they didn't hear me.

"Guys", I said again, somewhat annoyed now. "I fell and hit my head on a stone. I might need stitches. Don't you *care*?"

Chapter 4 by Audrey 🎵



No one moved. Dad stayed focused on his poker chips. Mom continued socializing with the ladies at church, and my niece Jonda talked to her doll.

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"Uh, dad, I need an answer."

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My hand moved straight through the fabric of his shirt.

I snapped my arm away. What just happened?

And more importantly...

Why didn't Dad notice?

I stared at my palms, the faint lines edged in them, the veins pumping blood through my body. Something was different, but what?

My thoughts were interrupted by one of the church ladies.

"So sorry about what happened to your son, Donna..." Her speech trailed off.

"Yes," my mother replied carefully. "It was a tragedy, wasn't it?"

A...tragedy?

"I'm not sure of the whole story," another tall, skinny woman apologized. "Could you explain in to me?"

Mom sighed.

"Sure," she smiled, although it looked like she did not want to tell the tale, whatever it might be.

"You see, Lennard had left, left to go to his friend's house and visit. He walked there, you know, him being him, 'got to save our environment!'"

I grinned. That was me, all right.

"We didn't see him for a while..."

Her expression darkened.

"The police station called yesterday night. They said that... that they found Lennard dead"

There was a silence.

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"And they..." she pushed on... because he suffered a severe head injury, and..." she sobbed, with her head in my dad's arms.

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I... died? I'm dead? Right now? From that rock?

But then if I'm dead...

...then the girl's dead too.

Chapter 5 by ArchAngel



I'm dead?...

Feeling giddy, I sank back on the couch. I touched my forehead, it didn't feel painful, just numb. I couldn't breathe, I was having a panic attack. *I'm dead?* The world span and grew dark. The lights were off... apart from the small bright lights twinkling on the tree. I was alone in the living room, my family had vanished.

"It's okay." The girl from the woods sat down beside me. I hadn't seen her arrive, she just appeared. She was still wore that baggy white t-shirt.

I asked her, "Is it true? Am I dead?"

She gave a gentle smile. "My favourite story at this time of year is *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens. Have you read it?"

"Yes, Ebenezer Scrooge, Marley... the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Yes, exactly! Think of me as the Ghost of Christmas Past!", she clapped her hands and grinned, as if that explained everything.

"Er, I don't understand."

"Look under the tree."

Under the tree, brightly wrapped presents were heaped up beneath it again. So it was still Christmas Eve!

She smiled, and had the cutest dimple on her cheek. "Now do you see? What you saw just now hasn't happened yet!"

"Then I'm still alive?"

"Yes, your body is out in the woods. But unless we can think of a way to save you, that vision will come to pass."

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Chapter 6 by ArchAngel

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I thought about this. Then how am I here and not in the woods?"

The girl shrugged. "I'm not sure. I just had a feeling I should help you up."

This seemed an extremely inadequate answer to my current predicament.

"Wait, can't I just wake up and walk to Kay's house?"

"I don't know," the Ghost of Christmas Past told me. There seemed to be an awful lot she couldn't answer. "Try it."

So I did.

I wasn't sure what I was supposed to be doing. I tried closing my eyes tightly. I tried envisioning myself in the woods. I tried pinching myself. None of it worked.

The girl looked at me expectantly. Just then I realized how bright her eyes danced in contrast to her pale face.

"No good," I managed, still lost in the hypnotic twinkle in her eyes.

Dad stood up from the poker table, calling, "I'll go grab the drinks." On his way to the kitchen, he walked towards me. Disconcerted, I moved to get out of the way, but not quickly enough. He simply walked right through me.

"Well," I turned to Christmas Past Girl, "we should get going."

"Where to?" she asked, blue eyes twinkling.

"To my death," I answered firmly.

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8 (1 draft)

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